

Republic Pictures' Star

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ROCKY LANE

Featuring His Stallion
BLACK JACK

WESTERN

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NO. 32



IN THIS ISSUE
A COMPLETE WESTERN NOVEL:

**THE
PORT OF MISSING
BADMEN!**











AS THE LAW BARBAROUSLY DOWN FROM ROCKY! THE MURDERER HADN'T FACES CRUEL DEATH! WHOSE TO UNHOLD THE LAW WILL BE CALL UPON HIS LIGHTNING BULGION WISDOM TO SAVE HIMSELF OR WILL HE BE AN ANIMAL UNMOUNTED INTO!

Good CHAPTER 2 OF THE PART OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE!

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THAT MAKES WHEATIES
TOPS IN THE ENERGY
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"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

DEE DICKENS

IN

HAPPY DAYS



WHEW! DEE DICKENS -
SOUND? (Guitar)
Guitar!

WHEW! LOOKIN'
AT THAT HAT!
WHO DO YOU
THINK YOU ARE,
DEE DICKENS? ...
PHEW! BOOM!



WHY SHOULD
I THINK I'M
DEE DICKENS?

"BECAUSE I DON'T RECKON
YOU COULD BUY BACK A
PHEW! (Guitar) YOU'D
HAVE TO TRY IT!"



YOU CAN SHOOT YOUR TRAMP OFF ALL YOUR
LIFE, BUT NOTHING WILL, UNLESS YOU SHOOT
TODAY? I PHEW! TOO GOOD!

REALLY?
BOTH
COME!







REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

The PORT of MISSING BADMEN!

Chapter II - *Death's Target*







JANNA, BLACK JACK
IS TELLING WHAT
THOSE AMERICANS
MAY BE BEHIND
US



THESE TOWN LEADS UP TWO
MOUNTAINS. THE JOHNSONS PROBABLY
HAVE A HIDE-OUT AMONG THE
MOUNTAIN RIDGES THEY CAN
KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT



THAT CABIN MUST BE THE HIDE-OUT! I
DEMON I'LL HAVE TO USE AN OLD TRICK
TO GET TO THEM. THEN THEY CAN'T KEEP
GOING. BLACK JACK, RIGHT FAST THERE
CABIN!



I DEEMON THAT'LL
BRING THEM OUT
IN A MINUTE



AL, IT WONDER HOW
TO GET THE DEEP ON
THEIR

DEMON - YOU
PROMISE OF
HOLDING

AL, IT WONDER HOW
TO GET THE DEEP ON
THEIR



GET IN THAT CABIN AND KEEP
YOUR HANDS UP! I AM TO HAVE
A SURETY CLONE LOOK AT THE
SETUP OF
YOUR!

NO, DON'T
O-DON'T
SHOOT!



A FEW HOURS LATER AT THE ROCKY LANE AND MARY'S HOME OF THE BARRON ARE READING NEWS:



WARRING - HEARING THIS WAY I'VE GOT TO THINK, BUT, NO TELLING AND IT WON'T BE!



**WARR! RUN OUT WITH
AND COVER MY WARR! I
GO IN AFTER HIM!**







5 ON THE STERN OF THE CRUISE SHIP INTER MEDICAL ASSISTANT AND BRONX, N.Y. JERRY ROBERT SHIFF ON ITS JOURNEY ON THE ROCKY WATERS OF THE INEVITABLE?

2nd CHAPTER II
OF THE RIGHT OF
HUMANITY



MURDER ON THE STAGE

By Clement Gask



TOMMY KEEN had three things to do. The first was to slide the posse that had been pursuing him reluctantly for three days, with orders to shoot to kill, those orders were backed up by a price of one thousand dollars on Tommy's head.

The second thing was to catch the masked man who had really held up the stage and shot the driver. This man was apparently of Tommy's size and build and general appearance.

And the third thing was to clear his own good name without getting lynched. Tommy had never been in trouble before and he had no doubt that with enough time, he could prove his innocence. But he knew, also, that the "law" in this pioneer country was likely to be swifter than any court, and that with a hang-knot around his neck, he'd have a hard time arguing his case.

Luckily, he owned a fast mare, a mare with heart and stamina. He spoke to her loudly as she threaded her way up the rocky rise. "Miss Thunder," he said, "keep moving, old girl. We outdistanced the sheriff and his men on the flat, but up here they're likely to gain on us."

The words had barely left his mouth when a rifle slug cut a hole in the high crown of his hat. A second later he heard the "bang" of the gun, as the sound followed from his below. Cautionably, Tommy angled his mount to cover behind jutting rocks.

"Miss Thunder, we are in a bad predicament," he declared. "Somebody way down yonder is a pretty good shot with a rifle, and we aren't armed with anything but four boots and a Colt A-1."

Miss Thunder whinnied. She sounded pleased. She was pleased. She had not understood anything her master had said to her, but she was grateful that he talked to her at all. She had found Tommy Keen rather grim and unresponsive during the last three days.

Behind the jutting rock, Tommy found a

dry brook, rocky-bedded and narrow, but offering the semblance of a downhill trail. Gently, with his knees, he guided Miss Thunder into the narrow passage, keeping his head low to avoid the tangle of overhanging limbs and vines. As she walked, he talked.

"Miss Thunder, this running away is no good. We've got to pull up and make a stand somewhere. But it has to be just the right spot. I don't want to have to shoot it out with that sheriff and have the killing of a layman or his deputy added to my record—damn. I have no record in the first place. It's a real problem."

That Tommy could talk even to his horse in this Sippore fashion indicated an extreme change in his mood. At first, when he had been accused of the crime, he had been indignant, then frightened as he saw the grim purpose of the sheriff and his quickly assembled posse. Tommy had fled from the lawman as fast as his mount could carry him and, since Miss Thunder was a real wingfoot, it had proved fast enough. At least for a while.

But even while he was fleeing, with the lead stage whining unpleasantly close to his ears, Tommy had time to think, and his thoughts were grim and bitter. How unjust it all was! Tommy Keen, an innocent young man, accused of killing the stage driver.

Tommy had been a witness at the killing. That was his bad luck. He had been approaching on the dry, dusty road from the south when he spotted the stage far to the north. He had seen the masked man ride down from the rocky ledge, order the stage to halt, and shoot the driver. Tommy had seen the driver rise from his seat, lift his shotgun as if to fire back at the masked man, and then topple as the gunman fired several more shots into him.

The gunman had then cut back off trail to the upland. As far as Tommy could see, the stage was without passengers. He had then

raced forward on Miss Thunder to see if he could give any aid to the fallen driver. When he dismounted he found the man dead.

But there were passengers. They hadn't seen the shooting, but they had seen Tommy, and they had seen him with a bandana tied around his mouth, hold-up style!

"Plague me for a dumb jack rabbit, Miss Thunder!" declared Tommy. "I just put that bandana over my mouth to keep from choking in the dry dust. But it sure made me look like a holdup man. And that's what set the sheriff on me!"

In his three days of running, ducking and hiding, Tommy had been able to pick up quite a bit of information about the holdup. One of the reasons the reward was so high was that the murdered driver of the stage had been Phil Springs, co-owner of the stage line. Now that he was dead, the sole owner of the line would be Gill Fergus, the surviving partner.

The dry brook stopped abruptly. That is, it ended in a jump-off and Tommy decided not to jump. He saw a narrow opening between the rocks at his left and urged Miss Thunder through. And there he found, hewn from the rocks by water and weather, a natural fort. "Miss Thunder," he exclaimed, "We have found a place of refuge. We can hold them off indefinitely here—that is, until we both get hungry. And I'll get hungry before you, because I don't like grass!"

Tommy had found refuge just in time, for as he spoke, the sheriff and his men thundered into view. He fired a volley of shots over the heads of his pursuers as a warning. He was careful not to hit any of the lawmen, but the flying slugs let them know they were in range of his six-gun. A narrow valley slipped rocks all around Tommy. Then there was a moment of silence and Tommy called, "I'm an innocent man, sheriff. I can hold up here for a long time, but while you're keeping me covered, the real killer is getting farther and farther away."

"If you're innocent, come out with hands

up. You won't get hurt," responded the sheriff.

"It's a trick, don't listen to him, sheriff!" exclaimed one of the passengers. "Let's blast him out of there with dynamite! Show him no mercy; he didn't show any mercy to poor Phil. Why, he fired a slug into Phil without warning. And then, when poor Phil stood up and lifted his shotgun pitifully, why the scoundrel put more lead into him."

"Quiet, Gill," said the sheriff. "We've got to give him a fair trial in court."

Tommy had heard this exchange. He knew that the late deputy must be Gill Fergus, partner of the murdered man. From his rock fort he said calmly, "Sheriff, listen! I'm not the murderer, but I know who is. There are only two living men who saw exactly how the killing took place—me, and the real murderer. And what Gill Fergus described just now is exactly the way the shooting happened!"

Gill perched. As the sheriff turned to look at him quickly, he tried to make a run for it. He flung a quick shot that knocked the sheriff down. The other deputies were too surprised for the moment to intervene, but Tom, firing carefully, put a slug into the killer's leg and sent him sprawling.

Later, with his shoulder bandaged, the sheriff was sitting up in his office going over some papers when Tommy Kane called on him. "Only a flesh wound," said the lawman. "Nothing to fret about. And Gill Fergus will recover, too—to face a hangman!"

TOMMY nodded solemnly and the sheriff continued, "It was pretty smart of you to figure from what he said that he was the killer. 'Course it's plain now that he wanted to knock off his partner as he could take over the stage line. But if he hadn't been so peevish when you accused him he might have gotten away with it."

"I figured he'd lose his head," said Tommy. "It's a terrible thing to be accused of murder, even when you're innocent. And he was guilty!"

THE END



ROPING 'N' RIDING
With

ALLAN "Rocky" LANE
AND BLACK JACK

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NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

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HOWDY, PARTNERS!

ROUND CORN, HERE. I WAS TELLING BLACK JACK THAT THE MONTHS WERE ROLLIN' BY FAST BETWEEN OUR VISITS. BUT THAT'S OK BECAUSE WE LOOK FORWARD TO THESE MEETINGS WITH ALL YOU GOOD FRIENDS.

I HAD A GOOD LUNCH THIS MORNING IN THE CORRAL, JUST BEFORE RIDING OVER HERE. OUR DOG, SPOTTY, IS A BROTHER HON --- A NICE SET OF PUP'S, TOO. SHE'S REALTY PROUD OF THEM, NATURALLY. AND SHE'S TEACHING THEM ALL ABOUT LIFE AND LIVING THAT SHE KNOWS. YESTERDAY I SAW HER SHOWING THEM HOW TO COOL OFF WHEN THE SUN'S BURNING AND THERE'S NO SHADE. SHE TOLD 'EM FROM NOW TO DO A HOLE IN THE GRASS AND REACH THE COOL SHADE BENEATH THE SURFACE. IN THE AFTERNOON, I WATCHED HER SHOO THE PUP'S AWAY FROM THE BIG TOM CAT WE KEEP IN THE STABLES --- A REALTY NICE HON ON HER PART, TOO.

BUT THERE'S ONE LITTLE RASCAL, SPOTTY, WE CALL HER. SHE JUST WANTS MY MUCH ATTENTION TO HERSELF. HE WAS THE HORROR I COULDN'T HELP LAUGHING AT THIS MORNING. SOME OF THE PUPS WERE IN THE BACK YARD WHEN TWO OF SPOTTY, TROTTERING OVER TO THE SHEDS. HE THOUGHT HE HAD TO DO HIS OWN MARKING BUSINESS. HE THOUGHT HE KNEW IT ALL NOW. I WILL, FRIENDS. HE FOUND OUT DIFFERENTLY. I HEARD SOMETHING AROUND AND HEARD LITTLE BARKS AT THE SHEDS. WHEN THE BIG, OLD BULL DOG LOWERED HIS HEAD AND WENT FOR HIM, HE GAVE SPOTTY A BACK THAT TIGHT THE PUP SQUEALING AND YELLING HARD AS HE COULD BACK TO BARK.

LOOKS, IT WAS HIS PRIDE THAT WAS HURT MOST AND HE'S ALL RIGHT NOW. BUT HE OBSERVED IT FOR NOT LISTENING TO THE ADVICE AND WARNINGS OF HIS MOTHER --- AN OLDER AND WISER DOG. SURE, YOU AND I BOTH KNOW A LOT OF YOUNGSTERS WHO ACT THE SAME WAY, AND SOMEDAY THEY'LL BE TAUGHT THE SAME LESSON. DON'T IN SOME CIRCLES, THEY WON'T GET OFF WITH JUST A BUMP.

BUT NOW, PARTNERS, IT'S TIME BLACK JACK AND I WENT OUR WAY. WE NEVER LIKE OVERSTAYING OUR WELCOME, BUT WE'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU ALL NEXT MONTH. TELL THEM --- GOOD EVENING, FRIENDS.

YOUR FIDEL
Allan "Rocky" Lane
AND BLACK JACK



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Rocky Lane

The PORT of MISSING BADMEN

Chapter III - *POUNDER AND GOAT*













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QUIZ

1. THE MAYFLOWER SET SAIL ON SEPT. 6, 1620.
TRUE... FALSE...
2. THE BAROMETER WAS INVENTED IN 1661.
TRUE... FALSE...
3. ABRAHAM LINCOLN DIED IN 1865.
TRUE... FALSE...




4. IN SAVING A TENDER SUNK BETWEEN A CORAL REEF AND A SHIPWRECK.
TRUE... FALSE...
5. THE PHILIPPINES AND PUERTO RICO WERE CEDED TO THE U.S. IN 1898.
TRUE... FALSE...



SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY! SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
 0 CORRECT: POOR — 4 CORRECT: GOOD —
 5 CORRECT: FAIR — 6 CORRECT: POOR.

ANSWERS: 1. TRUE 2. TRUE 3. TRUE 4. TRUE 5. TRUE

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